

A CROSS, FEVERISH CHILD IS BILIOUS OR CONSTIPATED

LOOK, MOTHER! SEE IF TONGUE
IS COATED, BREATH HOT OR
STOMACH SOUR.

"CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"
CAN'T HARM TENDER STOM-
ACH, LIVER, BOWELS.



Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs," that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, Mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When the little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here, so don't be fooled. Get the genuine, made by "California Fig Syrup Company."—Adv.

AVIATORS ARE ALWAYS BUSY

Americans on the Italian Front Take
Advantage of Every Moment of
Good Flying Days.

On good flying days, every moment of the day is utilized by American aviators in Italy. The men are up at five o'clock, and by six flying is in operation. Men go to breakfast in relays, so as to economize time, and sundown finds them grudgingly giving up for the day. One time-saving device I observed, says James H. Hare in *Leslie's Weekly*, was to make landings some 200 meters from the beach, and to have the next student ready in a boat to take his place equipped with his life preserver and helmet. The exchange took usually less than two minutes from the time the engine was stopped until the propeller was in action again, and the flight started. This also eliminated the liability of damaging the hydroplane in beaching it, as sometimes the keel is grounded, or one of the wings strikes an object, putting the machine out of commission for a time, to say nothing of the engine overheating as it "taxi" (to use the technical term) to its landing place.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Catarrhal Deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE** acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation is removed and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing may be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by Catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the Mucous Surfaces. **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS** for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by **HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE**. All Druggists Sec. Circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Jerusalem to Gaza by Rail.

The modern Ethiopian travels from Jerusalem to Gaza on the way to his home country far up the Nile by railroad train. Reports from Palestine indicate that since the British occupation of the country Gaza, the chief city of the desert, has been the terminus of the railway having Gaza to a point toward, and the Ludd to Jerusalem recently coming to Gaza to be restored and Chester Post

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THEY ARE NOT ALWAYS FIGHTING



American soldiers in France not only enjoy their smokes, but cards as well. The game is probably "strip poker," as two of the men have already discarded their shirts. One has a large safety pin, ready for instant use in case of further losses, but then—note the horseshoe on his shoe.

TELLS OF WILD MOTOR RIDE OVER A SHELL-SWEPT ROAD

By CLARENCE B. KOLLAND.

Paris.—A man can be only so frightened. After that he dies suddenly, or laughs, or both. Also, no matter how scared you are, curiously survives.

If a shell is coming, you want to see it land. If it is going to swat you, you want to see how it goes about it.

We were going back from the front—back. The battle was behind us. Privately each one of us didn't care how much farther behind us it got. It could pick up its belongings and move away from us as fast as we were moving away from it if it wanted. Nobody would hear a protest from any of us.

At a crossroads our meteoric progress was halted by a young and severe soldier with "P." on his sleeve. "You can't pass," he said; "they're shelling the road ahead."

He didn't need to tell us. We knew it. As a matter of fact we could have told him things about that road being shelled that he would never know.

A shell came screaming over our heads to "wham" down alongside the road a hundred yards beyond. It wasn't a big shell. In a calmer moment, and at a greater distance, I might have admitted that it was a little shell, an insignificant shell, a negligible three-inch shell. But when it went over my head I was willing to take off that it was a 42 centimeter. When I was dug out of the ditch into which I had dived and the mud scraped out of my eyes I took a last look down the road.

Cap as Shock Absorber.

Something was padding me in the region of the knees. Also there was a sound resembling that made by Brother Bones in the minstrel show. Minute examination demonstrated that the pain was caused by the knees assaulting each other venomously. I struck my cap between them as a shock absorber and looked again.

It was a lousy little road. It was not a popular road. Everybody on it had taken a dislike to it and was moving away with enthusiasm. In the distance were three German prisoners and one American private. The private was on a horse. It looked a very fast horse, but the Germans were having trouble with it. It kept getting in their way. They stumbled over it.

"Wham" came another shell. It's explosion was almost drowned out by the sounds of concussion at my side. They were caused by the beating together of the knees of the driver of the Y. M. C. A. car and by those of a buck private. Their note was different, and the meter dissimilar, but the air was much the same. I could not quite make out which accomplished the most knocks to the minute, nor which was loudest.

Several ration carts were approaching. It was no slow, dignified, matronly progress. Anybody who believes a team of mules is incapable of speed should have been there to see. The ration carts were filled with hard tack. The hard tack was as scarce as anything else, and was trying to keep up to the cart—but it was out of luck.

It had no arms to hang on with. The air was full of hard tack. It flowed out behind those ration carts like a ribbon. It was a snowstorm of hard tack, and nobody paused to ask where it fell.

Ditches Are Popular.

Every ditch was unbelievably popular. It didn't have to be a deep ditch nor a clean ditch. Any common or garden variety of ditch would do. A six-foot man was perfectly able to conceal himself in a six-inch ditch. Heads would poke up, and another shell would land. Immediately it would become a scene of desolation, a lifeless waste.

After awhile an airplane went overhead to locate the battery that was causing all the rumpus. Then the battery stopped.

"Go ahead," said the M. P. "They're through now."

He is the last M. P. I shall ever believe. This is positive. He meant well, and spoke the truth according to his lights, but his lights were dim. We

started, and we continued. We continued so rapidly that the scenery looked like a green fog, for Fritz was not through.

A shell landed alongside the road and a telephone wire dropped across our faces. If it had been a range of mountains it wouldn't have stopped us. People who saw us pass will never know what we were. It will remain a mystery to them to their dying days. We were a pale streak, a very pale streak.

We were not traveling for pleasure. We were on business. Our immediate business was to go away from there, and our next immediate business was to fill the flivver with cigarettes and chocolate from the Y. M. C. A. warehouse and get it back to the boys back there. It was several kilometers to the warehouse, but we did it in ten flat by the watch, arriving in a state of profound calm. We were not ruffled. Nobody would have known we were excited except for a few minor matters. Of course we were knocking splinters off our teeth with the chattering we felt it our duty to do; we were a trifle pale, say as pale as fresh snow. Aside from this with our hearts beating so they sounded like a dilapidated camion engine, with our hair standing out like spines on an angry porcupine, our appearance and bearing were normal.

"Going back?" "Sure."

With nonchalance we filled our tonneau with supplies.

"Going back?" somebody asked. The driver looked at me and looked at the driver.

"Back?" said he. "Oh, he means back," I said easily. "You understand, back. That way."

"They're shelling the road," said the manager of the warehouse.

"Indeed," said I. "Shelling? Why, we hadn't noticed it. Regular shells? We just came down the road. It was peaceful—peaceful as a cow pasture."

"So you're going right back, eh?" "Sure," said the driver, standing with his legs far apart so his knees couldn't hit.

"Of course," said I, hanging onto

readily as the smaller battleplanes and answered to all requirements. Other machines of the same type are in process of manufacture and will be turned out in a steady stream from now on.

St. Louis, Judge Bass, in the court of criminal correction here, gave Joseph Lazynski, twenty-three, the choice of enlisting in the United States tank service or facing trial on the charge of burglary in the second degree. Lazynski decided to enlist.

NEW BATTLEPLANE IS SPEEDSTER

Machine Being Built at Cleveland Shows Up Well in the Tests.

Cleveland, O.—A new type of battleplane is now being turned out here at the new plant of the Glenn L. Martin company, and the first of the planes, now being put through its acceptance tests, has shown exceptional maneuvering ability for its size, as well as speed in climbing and straightaway flying.

The new Martin plane is much larger than the battleplanes now in use by the allies in Europe. It has a wing spread of 75 feet and is powered with two 400-horsepower motors. In addition to regular equipment it has a carrying capacity of 2,400 pounds, and is said to be so constructed that there is no "blind" spot, or line of approach which its guns do not cover.

The machine, equipped with machine guns, showed on first test flights that it could be handled as

COOK GETS FORTUNE BUT STILL ON DUTY

Camp Sexton, Greenville, S. C.—H. H. Miles, cook at the patients' kitchen base hospital here, received notification recently that a distant relative died and left him \$150,000. Miles is still cook at the hospital and does not wish to change his career even if he could. Miles' home is at Tabor, S. C. He has spent several years in the army and navy.

NEAR BODY OF BROTHER WERE 7 DEAD HUNS

New Brighton, Pa.—"Today we were up on the battlefield to bury our boys and we found Verner among the dead. Now, dad, do not worry too much. He died game. He still held his rifle in his hands and there were seven dead Huns in front of him." This was in a letter received by John McFarland from his son, telling him of the death of another son on the Marne battlefield.

the seams of my pants for the same reason.

"Get in," said he. I never saw a car so difficult to mount, so high to climb, but I got there. The driver cranked it and we started away with gay, nonchalant waves of the hand.

We had to climb a hill. I suggested that maybe the engine needed a little tinkering before we tried it, but the driver thought not. I could have found troubles in that engine that would have held us there a week. But we went on.

All of a sudden the air filled up with the holler of a shell. It burst vehemently, but I didn't see it. I was where I couldn't see, with my head down among the control levers. A few pieces of roof and debris settled on my back, but I was not annoyed. The more that settled there the better I would be protected.

"Shall we go on?" the driver asked. "I'm just a passenger," said I with steady courage. "I can't jump out while you are moving—at this rate, anyhow."

Knew It Was a Roof.

Another shell landed, this time on the roof at our very elbow so to speak. I didn't have time to join the levers again, so I saw it. It landed on a roof, because I saw the roof just before it landed. I will never see that roof again. Our acquaintance was brief. As I looked the roof moved away from there hastily. It sought divers destinations, many of which were in, at or around us. Tiles and plaster and dust filled the air.

"Mister," said I, "step on her. She's standing still."

"We're doing sixty an hour if we're doing an inch," he said. It was not true. I can prove it. It took us 12 minutes, actual count, to pass a tree. Afterwards the driver told me it wasn't a tree, but a woods several kilometers long, but he was mistaken. I know a single tree when I see it, and I counted that tree again and again.

"I hope," I said, "that the soldiers get this tobacco. I hope they get it soon. Let's see, they're in dugouts, aren't they? You don't need to bother about taking it to them. I'll do that. I haven't chatted with these boys for quite a while, and much as I dislike the closeness of a dugout I think I can sacrifice myself today and stay down with them a little while. By the way, it's a dugout with a thick roof, isn't it?"

"Mister," said he gravely, "the man that gets into that dugout first is the fastest runner in the A. E. F.-Y. M. C. A."

Which was true. I am the champion sprinter.

Chooses Army to Trial.

St. Louis, Judge Bass, in the court of criminal correction here, gave Joseph Lazynski, twenty-three, the choice of enlisting in the United States tank service or facing trial on the charge of burglary in the second degree. Lazynski decided to enlist.

MRS. WILLIAM J. SMYTHE



Mrs. William J. Smythe, a New York society woman, as a member of the American Defense society has obtained 5,000 signatures on a petition to congress urging the suspension of all German-language newspapers in this country.

The KITCHEN CABINET

In good society a woman is known not by the company she keeps but by the salads she serves. Instinctively, the accomplished hostess puts forth her best effort in the preparation of a salad.

MORE SALADS.



Let us see how we can make a salad which is a little different from the following: Cut small ripe tomatoes which have been peeled into quarters without separating them from the stem end, so the tomato lies on the salad plate like an open flower.

Lettuce may be used or not for a nest for the tomato. Heap over the tomato finely chopped apple and celery which has been well mixed with a highly seasoned dressing. Garnish with shredded bits of green pepper.

Golden Chestnut Salad.—Shell, blanch and boil until tender one pint of chestnuts. Drain and dust and set aside to cool. Arrange in a salad bowl on a bed of water cress or of lettuce and sit over them lightly the yolks of two hard-cooked eggs. Hold the egg yolks in a sieve over the nuts and rub them through. Serve with a good flavored dressing.

Tomato Salad.—Scald, peel and chill six firm tomatoes and cut in halves. To one cupful of whipped cream add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and the same of grated fresh horseradish, season with paprika, mustard and salt. Place the tomatoes on lettuce, heap on the dressing and sprinkle with a bit of chopped red pepper.

Bacon Salad.—Cut six slices of tender bacon into squares and fry until brown; drain on paper; heat six tablespoonfuls of this fat and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; beat the yolks of three eggs and one-fourth of a teaspoonful each of paprika and mustard and cook in the fat until thick. When the dressing is cold, toss the bacon over crisp head lettuce and mix with the dressing.

Brussels Sprouts Salad.—Boil a quart of brussels sprouts with a piece of ham or salt pork. When cool cut each head into halves, arrange on cress or lettuce, sprinkle with a little chopped ham and serve with a good salad dressing.

Sweetbreads and Celery Salad.—Mix equal parts of cooked sweetbreads, diced, with celery, also diced. Add a nicely seasoned dressing and serve. The dressing and seasoning is the important point in a good salad.

All vegetables served fresh should be crisp and free from moisture. Nuts of various kinds add to the flavor and nutritive value of any salad. Corn oil used with the yolk of egg and vinegar as mayonnaise makes a most tasty salad.

Within the husk the harvest lies enfolded.
The chaff lies dead;
But the sweet life the summer months have molded.
Becomes our bread.

THE CANNING OF MEATS.



The canning of meats is not so common but that the inexperienced housewife approaches the task with fear of losing it by spoilage. Meat may be canned as successfully as any other food, if the proper care is taken to be sure that the cans are perfectly sealed and sterile.

Those who live near lakes or streams where fish abound will find canned fish a most savory dish to serve on short notice.

The housewife who has her fruit cellar well stocked with canned fish, meat, soups as well as vegetables, has no fears when an unexpected onslaught of company drops in on her on a busy day, for she knows but a few minutes are needed to prepare a good meal from the good things canned.

Tough meats may be cooked a half hour before packing.

Fish should be soaked in salt brine a half hour before packing. All meats as well as fish should be in perfect condition for canning.

Chicken fried, canned in the late fall, preserves the meat at the most delicious stage and we avoid the expense of carrying them over the winter.

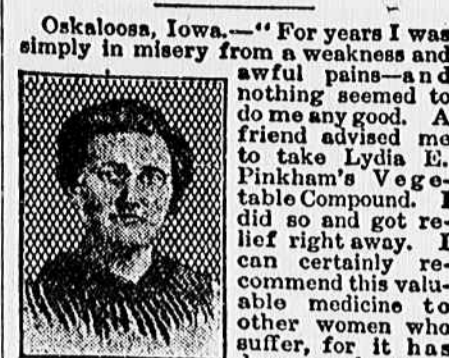
Game and fish may be canned to serve at a time when both are out of season.

Canned Chicken.—A fowl weighing two pounds when dressed should make a pint of solid meat and a pint of stock thick enough to jelly. A four-pound fowl will fill a quart can. Sear the meat in hot fat, or in boiling water, then remove the bones and pack, filling the space with the stock which has been saved from the cooking of the meat and bones. Add one teaspoonful of salt to a quart of meat with other seasonings, if liked. Seal the jar then turn back one quarter way round if a Mason jar; if one with a clamp, leave the lower one unadjusted. Place in the boiler and boil with water to cover three hours. Take out, seal tightly at once. The meat may be packed uncooked, but it does not have as good a flavor as when browned and lightly seasoned while cooking.

Nellie Maxwell

IN MISERY FOR YEARS

Mrs. Courtney Tells How She
Was Cured by Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound.



Oskaloosa, Iowa.—"For years I was simply in misery from a weakness and awful pains—and nothing seemed to do me any good. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and got relief right away. I can certainly recommend this valuable medicine to other women who suffer, for it has done such good work for me and I know it will help others if they will give it a fair trial."—Mrs. LIZZIE COURTNEY, 108 8th Ave., West, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 50 Years. FOR MALARIA, CHILLS AND FEVER.
Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. At All Drug Stores.

LEFT NAME THAT WILL LIVE

Boston Was the Home of the Famous
Mother Goose, Possibly World's
Most Noted Woman.

Perhaps the most famous woman that ever lived was Mother Goose. Other women, particularly a few bad ones, have enjoyed celebrity, but she achieved immortality.

She is called Mother Goose because that was her name. For she was a real person, and dwelt in the city of Boston. She lived in a little one-story house with a roof that sloped almost down to the ground—just such a house as one might expect Mother Goose to occupy—not far from the Common.

The house vanished long ago, but the church in which she was accustomed regularly to worship still stands. It is the famous old South church.

Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. In fact, she was an old maid, twenty-eight years of age—quite elderly for an unmarried woman in those days—when she met and became the wife of Isaac Goose.

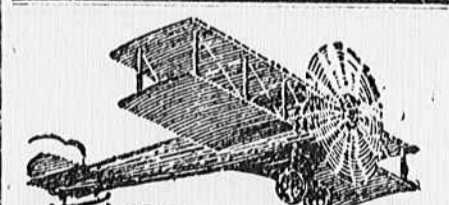
She had children and grandchildren, and it was for the latter that she wrote her rhymes, which were first published by Thomas Fleet, her son-in-law, in Boston, in 1719.

Mother Goose died in 1757, aged ninety-two.

All Soldiers Are Fatalists.

Practically all the soldiers become fatalists about death. You see men die through some incredible chance. You see them escape by a miracle. Gradually you come to believe, as Tommy puts it, "When a shell comes over with your name on it, you will get yours." In the meantime, "Why worry? You never know your luck." That's the way they put it.—From "Pictures Burned Into My Memory," by Charles W. Whitehair.

Australia's manufacture of motorcar bodies has received enormous impetus from the war.



A Feeling of Confidence

always goes with
health, and health
making is the big
reason for

Grape-Nuts

A delicious food,
rich in the vital
phosphates.
No Waste. You
eat and enjoy it
to the last atom.
Health making,
nourishing,
economical.

Try it.
"There's a Reason."